

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1920

*Reedy's*

JAN 25 1920

# MIRROR

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The Editor Escapes from the Hospital

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The Gods of Derision

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THREE DOLLARS THE YEAR

"Alas!" sighed young Callow, "if only Eve hadn't been so fond of apples." "My dear boy," said Cynicus, "Eve wasn't so very fond of apples, but that was the only forbidden fruit."—*Boston Transcript*.

"I suppose, in these prohibition times, husbands will not stay out as late as they formerly did." "Oh, yes, they will; but they will be able to offer more coherent excuses."—*Baltimore American*.

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of London, on

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Mr. Ratcliffe is a publicist whose connections with the "Daily News" and other liberal organs enable him to speak from wide experience. His previous addresses have been illuminating and helpful.

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## French Literature

The Committee for the American Reviewing of French Publications, composed of Prof. A. G. H. Spiers, Columbia University; Robert Morss Lovett, editor of *The Dial*; Frederic G. Melcher, editor of *Publisher's Weekly*; Ernest Eisele, Brentano's Foreign Book Dept., and Maxwell Aley, 59 West Tenth St., New York, co-operating with the French publishers for wider attention to new French books, prepares at intervals a chronicle of the best French books. This is the first issue of the bulletin:

In *Les Metiers Blessés* (Nouvelle Revue française), P. Hamp has written a timely book dealing with labor conditions in France. Nowhere is the conflict between old traditions and new necessities so acute as in this land of artists, writers, and artisans, which is being forced to realize as never before that commerce and industry are essential not only to the nation's safety but also to the preservation of its ideals. M. Hamp, who has been a government inspector of factories and is the author of such books as *Le Travail Inévitable*, bases his work on concrete examples and trustworthy statistics, and sheds much light on labor conditions between 1914 and 1919.

Henri Gheon, in the *Temoignage d'un Converti* (Nouvelle Revue française), describes minutely his conversion to Roman Catholicism with an ardor that makes him at times forget there is such a thing as literary form.

Jules Romains, whose "Death of a Nobody" met with much favor a few years ago, has in his latest book, *Puissances de Paris* (Nouvelle Revue française) attempted a literary experiment of considerable interest. He describes from a rather novel point of view the much frequented streets of Paris, its busy squares, and such typical crowds as may be found outside the Opera Comique, in the buses, or on the *bateaux-mouches*.

Henri Bordeaux's recent election to the French Academy lends renewed interest to his early works, of which *Une Honnête Femme* (Boccard) now reappears in a much improved version. Unusually simple in form, this novel holds our attention by its psychology; it is the study of the effect upon a weak husband of the self-control and courage of a devoted and devout wife.

Julien Benda's *Belphegor* (Emile-Paul) is described in the subtitle as "an essay on the aesthetics of contemporary French society." It attempts to explain the literary and philosophical taste of French society to-day, the popularity of Bergson's irrationalism, and the general divergence from the older intellectual traditions of France.

In *Les Amours d'un Poète* (Conard), Louis Barthou, a member of the French Academy and an ex-premier of France, has unfolded with extraordinary minuteness, from hitherto unpublished manuscripts, the sex life of Victor Hugo,—his chaste youth, his eight years of marital fidelity, the change wrought by his wife's affection for Sainte-Beuve, and his remarkable relations with Juliette Drouet extending over the last forty-eight years of his life. This most interesting book will appear in English next Spring.

Jerome and Jean Tharaud, in *L'Ombre de la Croix*, (Emile-Paul), have described with delicate sympathy and at the same time with subtle irony the life of a young Polish Jew in a small village on the border of Hungary. Work such as this marks these two brothers as among the most interesting craftsmen in a country in which the art of novel-writing has reached perhaps its highest perfection.

In *L'Opinion Allemande pendant la Guerre* (Perrin), Andre Hallays has, by a series of excerpts from the German press, given us an authoritative picture of the changing moods and opinions of the German people from the first enthusiasm at the declaration of war to the final disillusion and despair.

Alfred Machard's *Poucette* (Flammarion) is an amusing story of "the youngest detective in the world."

Most people are tired of war stories, but an exception should be made for an unusually good one, *Le Prix de l'Homme* (Calmann-Lévy) by Jean de Granvilliers.

In his *Introduction à l'Etude de la Philosophie* (Chiron), X. Torau-Bayle has sketched, in a very readable if somewhat superficial way, the historical qualities of the German, English, French, and American peoples, and has shown how the German philosophy of will, French rationalism and tolerance, English experimentalism, and American pragmatism are the natural outgrowths of the national life.

Poets and moralists have for centuries discussed the meaning of love, and Camille Maclair, in his *La Magie de l'Amour* (Ollendorff), attacks once more this perennial theme. He writes with great clarity and charm, though often with brutal frankness, of what for him is "a religion, like music,—perhaps the last two religions which the irreligion of the future will permit to exist." But the mature reader will smile at the ease with which this clever Frenchman thinks he has brushed aside the venerable institution of marriage.

Gustave Coquiott says very modestly of his *Paul Cézanne* (Ollendorff) that it "is not a book on Cézanne and his work, but merely a series of notes"; and yet a more charming introduction to the life and art of the great painter could hardly be imagined. The milieu in which he lived, his friends and enemies, his struggles and rebuffs, no less than the ideal at which he aimed and the results which he achieved, are described in a style at once simple and sympathetic. The book contains twenty excellent reproductions of Cézanne's most representative work.

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## The Truth About Fido

By Jessie E. Henderson

(W. H. Hudson, in his recent "Book of a Naturalist," says man made a terrible mistake ages ago. He passed by the lemur, dolichotis, pig, and took as companion the dog—an animal "with nothing to attract and much to repel, cowardly, blood-thirsty, without compensating beauty or sagacity; mentally a jackal.")

What in the world made our wild and perfidious

Any zoölogist waxes delicious the bog,

Out of all nature select that insidious Creature to be their familiar—the dog?

Wasn't the mammoth sufficiently hideous?

Were there not plenty of dinosaur 'round?

Mastodon, troglodyte, Saurian, trilobite?

Why did our ancestors pick on the hound?

Any zoologist waxes delicious

When he considers that infinite fake: Fido—who still has a hold deleterious Not even emu or zebu can break.

Isn't the lemur both handsome and serious?

Isn't the xerus a type to prefer?

Buffalo, chickaree,

Catalo, chimpanzee—

Why did our ancestors pick on the cur?

Truly our forbears would merit our gratitude

Had they but whistled the python to heel,

Ibex or dingo—for they had much latitude—

Yak, dolichotis, lagidium, eel.

Why did they take such a truculent attitude

Unto the crocodile, pole-cat and hog?

Sorely this vexes us:

More this perplexes me—

Why were our ancestors picked by the dog?

\*\*\*

*Mrs. Newrich (to applicant as chauffeur)—Y'r all right except your name. My chauffeur's name must be "James" like in all the society novels I've read.—Judge.*

\*\*\*

"Are you wearing your last year's clothes?" "It all depends on how you figure. If you count from when they were ordered they're last year's clothes, but if you count from when they'll be fully paid for they're next year's clothes."—*Washington Star*.



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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## To Our Subscribers

**B**ECAUSE of increased and increasing cost of material and labor in production, the subscription price of REEDY'S MIRROR will be advanced to \$4.00 per year on and after February 1, 1920.

In the meantime subscriptions will be received at the old price of \$3 per year.

As many of our subscribers may be desirous of favoring their friends with subscriptions to the paper, as a holiday gift, a special concession is made to them in that between now and February 1, 1920, any present subscriber may have three subscriptions, two of which must be new ones, for \$4.50.

This office will notify those for whom subscriptions are made by others of the identity of the persons to whom they are indebted for such manifestation of interest and good will.

Additional new subscribers may be added at the rate of \$1.50 each.

## The Escaped Editor

By William Marion Reedy

### Well Rid of Me

**I** HAVE escaped from the Jewish hospital. So far as I can ascertain no reward is offered for my return. This reminds me that some years ago one of our morning papers came out with a big stud-horse head over an article announcing the escape of a solitary leper who had been kept by the city at the quarantine hospital for twelve or thirteen years. The whole institution had been kept going all those years solely to guard this poor devil of a Chinaman who, all things considered, was living better than he ever had done in his life before. The health department and all its quarantine subordinates had become heartily tired of their lonely charge and had been praying for years for something to happen to shoo him away. I remember with what great dejection the department received the news three or four days later that the unfortunate celestial had been discovered in the Columbia bottoms and returned to the quarantine station. When the people who brought him back put forward their respectful claims for a reward it was with great difficulty that the superintendent restrained his menials from rushing upon the strangers and driving them off the premises, much as an army of circus retainers rally to the cry of "Hey, Rube!" in repelling the attempts of outsiders to creep into the performances under the tent. If anybody brings me back to the Jewish hospital I imagine they will take their lives in their hands.

My leaving the hospital was a case of levitation. I had been reduced by the dietary system to such a degree of unsubstantiality and even immateriality that I almost floated out of the institution after the manner of the well known shade of the little Indian maiden, Spring Blossom, hovering in the semi-darkness over the head of the medium and her surrounding reverent circle. I am no longer in any doubt of the authenticity of those marvels reported of Indian adepts or Yogis who, by long fasting and much prayer, are enabled to transport themselves merely by processes of thought from one place to another.

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### The Narrow Path for Me

**B**EFORE my departure the chief medical Yogi appeared in my cell and delivered to me a sort of address with regard to my conduct

in the outer world henceforth,—a battalion of pretty nurses in training standing around meanwhile in a pious manner, somehow suggestive to me of what I had read about vestals surrounding the Roman altars preparatory to the immolation of the bovine sacrifice. I was very sorry to leave the nurses, of course, but I wish I could satisfy myself that they were equally subject to attrition of the emotions in contemplation of my departure. "You will have to go through life hereafter, Colonel," said the doctor, "with one eye. But I take it that you won't miss this because you have seen about everything. You will have to be very careful of yourself in the years to come and in particular you must refrain from all excitement. The chief object in life for you hereafter is to keep cool. You mustn't chase after street cars, and you mustn't get mad at errors in your proof sheets made by the printers, and you mustn't go out to political meetings and whoop it up for your candidate, and you mustn't lose patience with your office boy, and in brief you must put the lid upon your emotions generally. For instance, let me warn you most solemnly against falling in love." At these last words there was an audible titter in the assemblage before me where I sat receiving sentence.

"But, doctor," said I, "the last is impossible. I am an old married man and falling in love is out of the question." Thereupon the medical man proceeded to tell me that I was entirely mistaken. Notwithstanding my asseverations that I could not believe such a thing was possible in such a perfectly ordered universe as we here inhabit, he reiterated his warning that this was one of the greatest dangers besetting the path of a man who was emerging into life again with premonitory symptoms of arterio-sclerosis. Of course as a dutiful patient I couldn't but accept the doctor's dictum. But—it is going to be a terrible world with me because all my life I have been falling in love with all sorts of things, theories, arts, sciences, ladies, etc., the successions of and obstructions in which have made of my career thus far a movie of innumerable startling scenes, many close ups, throw backs, blow ups, and what not. Anyhow I took my medicine and bidding a fond farewell to the group of mourners—shall I call them?—wafted my way into the outer world.



### **The One-Eye Basis**

ONE eye isn't so bad. It was rather a nice brisk windy morning as I emerged from the hospital and the Delmar avenue cars on their way down stop at a yellow marked post almost directly in front of the hospital entrance. One stopped just as I reached the outer light and Gee! there was something good enough for anybody's one eye and good enough even to fill two. There was a girl boarding the car and as she was attired after the prevalent fashion there resulted a revelation of limb with a garniture of silk and lace entrancing enough for a fellow to remember if he was never to see anything else in all his born days. This reminds me to remark that I approve very highly of the current fashion of the ladies wearing woolen hose. They are, when properly filled, equally as attractive as silk. I think I'll get along with one eye all right.



### **The News by Ear**

OF COURSE when a fellow plunges back into his affairs again he finds himself in a somewhat peculiar world. At the office if one is forbidden either to read or to write, there doesn't seem any way of escaping from insanity for a while except by standing in the middle of his office and indulging in calisthenic exercises. The habit of reading is something that makes up so much of a man's life that it is impossible for one to realize it until he is cut off from its indulgence. It is no easy matter to settle down to the enforced custom of having the morning newspaper or your mail read to you. You never realize until now how much stuff there is in the daily newspaper that isn't of any possible interest to you but nevertheless you have been reading it from day to day all unconsciously. Another thing you discover is that newspapers today are not edited. After you've heard the headlines of an article you indicate that you want the stuff in full, and the reader goes ahead with the effect that you soon discover that the average item is told in substance at least three times and often as many as five times in the same narration. First it is told in the headlines then it is told in the introduction, then it is repeated by some person in some way related to the matter recorded, and there may be an interview or two reciting the story again. If the President has written a letter, you are told about it in the headlines, then the substance is given in the preliminary sentences, later you come to the President's letter itself, and further on there is a box containing "the chief points of the President's paper."

My first chief impression of having the daily papers read to me is that if those publications were edited of all their redundancies and tautologies, there would be no shortage of news print to justify the cutting down of the supply to the smaller publications of the country. I think that if the *Globe-Democrat*, for instance, would cease to tell over and over again the story of the determination of the women hereabouts to organize a movement for the reduction of the high cost of living, and wait until some one of those movements actually moved and accomplished something of the purpose intended, there would be a saving of at least eighteen columns a week. A tremendous amount of space is wasted in proclaiming the impendency of events that never happen. The million-dollar drives that never come off, the new five-hundred room hotels that are never built, the thirty million-dollar manufacturing corporation that never materializes—all these things suggest to me that the newspapers of

today are singularly easy marks for publicity agents who deal exclusively in prophetic hot air.



### **Gauguin at the Odeon**

OF ONE thing I am most rejoicefully glad and that is that I got out my inurement in time to see that marvelous interior of the Odeon stage which the directors of the Symphony Orchestra are vainly trying to induce Architect Tom Barnett to obliterate, but which he, thank the Lord! had not yet done when I attended the Sunday "Pop." I think that interior should not be destroyed. It should be carefully taken down, numbered and stored away among the archives of the St. Louis Art Museum. It is a wonderful thing. The artistic sense of St. Louis has not been developed yet to the point at which it can appreciate such a work of decoration. Those riots of roses above the busts of composers are a conflagration indeed. I especially admire too the particularly muscular tail of one of the peacocks—as muscular probably as the tail of the Australian marsupial—which is slowly but steadily forcing the bust of one of the composers off its pedestal. The panels of birds of Paradise and other ornithological orguliosities are simply overpowering in their colorfulness. Those people who are lifting their voices in violent protest against this stage setting know not what the artist was doing, nor can they know until they familiarize themselves with some of the weird splendors of work in this *genre* done by the post-impressionist Gauguin in his tropical island in the far South seas. All the time that I was looking at it I couldn't think of anything but Somerset Maugham's novel "The Moon and Sixpence," in which the weird and terrible story of the art obsession of Gauguin is translated into terms of the life of a typical English business man who is turned by his passion for art into something like a moral monster. This production is so splendid that even a man with only one eye can see it. I am inclined to imagine that if there is anything in the theory of identity of sound with color, this specimen of art would create more than a moderate sensation if it were exhibited in H. G. Wells' "Kingdom of the Blind."

Let me say right here that the average citizen of St. Louis can get a real thrill of respect and admiration for his town by attending a Sunday Popular Concert. To see the vast auditorium, galleries and all, occupied as to every seat, and with hundreds of people standing in the aisles, is to realize for once fully the existence in this community of a very real passion for the art of music. Six or seven thousand people at a musical concert is an evidence of culture that there is no getting away from, and that the culture is of the genuine sort is pleasingly demonstrated by the manner in which the audience receives those numbers especially deserving of musical appreciation. On last Sunday Tschaikowsky's "Andante Cantabile" was greeted with applause that was enough to convince anyone that our critical pessimists are all wrong when they say there is no taste in the multitude for anything but jazz. This Popular audience too was much better behaved than I have ever seen a more fashionable gathering at concerts or operas given for the elite at high prices. There was less chatter between the numbers and during the numbers for one thing. There was a rapt intentness indicative of a genuine exaltation of spirit under the influence of the music. Another thing that struck me as being particularly pleasant was the willingness of the conductor,

Mr. Zach, to indulge the demand of his audience for encores. And in supplying these extra numbers I notice that never once did he make a descent to the cheaply vulgar or sensational productions of which we are told *ad nauseam* that the multitude is avid. The Sunday "Pops" are away up on top of the list of the best and biggest things we have in St. Louis and I am glad to have discovered it even if I did so only as an immediate happy result of the loss of one eye.



### **Back to the Grind**

BUT the great world keeps grinding along and no matter how much an editor may be infatuated with the importance of his own convalescent or valetudinarian experiences, he has to continue a more or less perfunctory pontification upon the news of the day even though it be somewhat worn to a frazzle by its exhaustive, not to say exhausting, treatment in the daily papers and in other periodicals. I hear that Mr. Wilson still stands committed to the enforcement of his treaty and League of Nations without the crossing of a t or the dotting of an i. I fear that Mr. Wilson tends more and more to stand alone in this position. It is somewhat remarkable to read that members of his party in the senate are conducting negotiations with members of the opposite party with a view to bringing about a compromise. What's the use of a compromise if in the end President Wilson will not give his assent? All the stuff printed in the papers about the dickerings is like so much beating of the air. The League of Nations goes into effect whether we are in it or out. The President is the president of the League of Nations but his country is not a member of it. This is a sentence that sounds like an extract from a synopsis of a comic opera. The President's attitude is that he doesn't care a darn what the senate does with the treaty and the League of Nations so long as it does what he wants it to do. This is an attitude not full of promise of any adjustment between the two branches of the government.



### **At Senator Reed's Big Speech**

IT is my opinion that in the regions hereabout sympathy for the President's position is not as strong as it was before Senator James A. Reed addressed a splendid gathering in his honor at the Planters Hotel on Monday evening. I attended that meeting and am very glad that I did. The occasion was worthy the guest of honor, who was most felicitously presented in a speech by Mr. George J. Tansey which gave effectively the keynote of the movement resulting in the testimonial dinner. Mr. Tansey stressed very effectively the point of Senator Reed's independence and courage in refusing to let the chief executive do his thinking. The senator himself modestly disclaimed the possession of any especial courage in doing his duty as he understands it notwithstanding the President's insistence that the upper house should see the treaty problem as he sees it or not at all. Let me say that the speech of Senator Reed was one worthy of the best senatorial traditions. He was in excellent voice and in perfect good humor, while nevertheless giving full play to that causticity of speech which has made him the scourge of his opponents in every great debate since he entered that body. His opposition to the League of Nations was based solely upon nationalistic grounds. He spoke as a patriot and even as a Chauvinist,



and with utter contempt and scorn for the theory or ideal of internationalism represented by the President's professed purposes in formulating the League. He took up the proposed reservations and presented and analyzed them from this nationalistic standpoint, the main theme of his objection to the President's position being that that position implied the President's willingness to sacrifice American interests to aliens, monarchies, barbarians and even cannibals.

Almost of necessity his argument followed the line of thought that in the formulation of the League as proposed our late associates in the war had parceled out Europe, and indeed the whole planet, among themselves for their own benefit and advantage and expected this country to be their catspaw in the preservation of this *status quo*. Of course there was much to say about the widespread imperial necessities of England as being chiefly conserved by this new arrangement, and at times as one viewed some component groups of the audience one fancied he could hear in the applause for Senator Reed's sarcasms, insinuations and condemnations of Great Britain an echo of some words of some four years back "*Gott strafe England*."

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, the senator did make a powerful presentation of the false pretenses of a desire for justice which underlie some of the provisions for the new arrangement of the world. He was particularly effective in his demonstration that the assembly of the League of Nations was not merely a debating society but a body with voting powers which might well be exercised to the very decisive limitation of American sovereignty, and to the end of forcing this country into actions that shall be inconsistent with the traditional policies and sentiments of the people of this country. He was very strong upon the point that the treaty as Mr. Wilson proposed it without reservations committed us to engage in war without the necessary constitutional authorization by congress. He was splendidly denunciatory of the Shantung section which committed us irrevocably to the turning back of that province, not to China to whom it belonged before it was seized by Germany, but to another robber, Japan. He and the audience had a great deal of high class fun over the proposition that England's six votes in the assembly were equal to our one vote. And I must say that he appeared to me very strongly to prove the case, as to this detail and some others, that the meaning of the League and the treaty had been misrepresented to the people by its advocates. Suffice it to say that with all the arts of the orator, Senator Reed tore the President's position to tatters and lambasted him with magnificent irony for inconsistencies in supporting those injustices which are to be perpetuated by the League as established in the name of peace, good will and the making of the world safe for democracy. One cannot condense a three-hour speech into a paragraph, but Senator Reed's case for the reservations is the most powerful presentation of the subject from the angle of the opposition to the President that I have heard or seen. Of course the exclusively nationalist opposition to the League of Nations is open to the objection that we cannot very well have a league of nations without more or less surrender by signatories of their national sovereignties, but Senator Reed makes a sockdolager reply to this objection by pointing out that

all the surrendering of sovereignty and of principle in the present suggested arrangement has been made by the United States while the Allied Powers have gained or grabbed everything they desired in the perpetuation or extension of their imperial ambitions. The elder statesmen of Paris got everything they wanted for themselves and then gave Mr. Wilson a League of Nations designed especially and with almost complete perfection to confirm them in their holdings and their gains.

An effective series of passages of his speech was that in which he set forth what the opponents of the League propose to give the world as an instrumentality for the perpetuation of peace in lieu of the proposed League of Nations. His reply was in brief that they proposed an arrangement whereby all the great nations surrendering none of their sovereignties would establish a tribunal composed supposititiously of representatives of the highest courts of all the civilized nations, which would formulate a body of definite international law by which could be tested the claims of all Powers in conflict which might eventuate in war. This he said was much better than the proposed super-government "under the dirty flag of internationalism" for which in the long run no great nation would have any regard, because a condition precedent to recognition of rule of such a super-government was sacrifice of sovereignties, and an agreement to submit matters which in the very nature of things are not justiciable.

While the senator himself is not in favor of a league of nations in any form he did most appealingly present the argument for the reservations which the President has refused to accept, and with the most dextrous skill showed that the President's refusal to accept them committed the chief executive to propositions antipodal to the reservations each and all of which are equivalent to the United States' submission of grave and weighty matters, of which as a sovereign nation she alone should have control, to the decision of powers and principalities alien in speech, in blood, in tradition and in civilization to our own.

The entire performance by the senior senator of Missouri was a splendid forensic effort. It never once fell from a high level of dignity and it was marked by many passages of deep feeling and of blood-stirring patriotism. I sat under him for three hours and then to my disgust came to the morning paper and found myself reading in fifteen minutes a haphazard and slapdash summarization of a masterpiece of political debate. No one who reads that report can have the faintest idea of the texture of the argument, of the color and music of the words, of the play of many moods from irony to exaltation, which marked the stately process of the deliverance. The senator made a very profound impression upon his audience and the audience was one which I have never seen surpassed, in point of general and special intelligence, in this neighborhood.

♦♦

#### What Reed Didn't Say

SENATOR REED is a Democrat—but I fear D rather than d. I listened in vain for a sound in his verbal orchestration that gave any hint whatever of conditions in this country which should call forth flaming indignation from the heart of anyone professing to be a democrat. There wasn't a sentence or a word or a syllable in condemnation of the pogrom now being conducted or inaugurated

in this country against freedom of speech and press. There was not a line of lament for the departure from old-time Americanism which regarded this country as the refuge of the oppressed from every land. The eloquent senator might very well have paused to consider for a few moments at least what post-war conditions have brought upon the people of his own land. One has to turn to other parts of the daily newspapers these days to find a Republican in the person of Honorable Charles Evans Hughes raising his voice in dignified protest against the abomination proposed in the New York legislative assembly of ejecting from that body five duly elected members thereof, on the sole ground that they are members of the Socialist party, individually guiltless of any act making them ineligible. Not a word from Senator James A. Reed about the renewal of the infamous alien and sedition acts of a hundred and twenty years ago. There was no faint flutter through the pulse of his oratory of a single strain of dissent from the mania of proscription and persecution that is being directed only too often against people absolutely innocent of any offending against the traditional principles of American life. Furthermore, as I have said, his objections to the League of Nations were almost wholly on Chauvinistic grounds and it was a great regret to me to find nothing in his address setting forth his indignation over those provisions in the treaty which in effect absolutely destroy the autonomous governments of central Europe and tend to more than decimate their population by starvation and disease. This Democrat had no word of condemnation for the action of the government of which he is a part in sending our soldier sons to Russia to shoot down a people who, with whatever excesses, are chiefly guilty of doing only what we ourselves did in 1776, in setting up a government according to their own ideas. It is true that he had nothing to say particularly in condemnation of the so-called Bolsheviks but he had no word of pity or patience for those people who are raided, clubbed, jailed and deported simply for declaring that this government can possibly be changed by the thoroughly constitutional method of the ballot from a political democracy which is in many respects a proven failure, to an economic democracy which is the natural flowering from a political experiment that has gone to pieces because of its failure to recognize that the few who have gained economic supremacy are therefore the political masters of the many. Senator Reed is an old-time Democrat. Democracy as it has come to be understood in these later days has moved on far beyond him. He has no sympathy for the bitter discontent which exists among the masses of the people in the United States in contemplation of the working out of a political system into the imposition upon the masses of a condition of economic servitude.

I thought also that he failed in the true Democratic sympathy when I discovered that his speech contained absolutely nothing to show that he thought there was any human obligation upon our part to participate in the economic restoration of central Europe and the re-establishment of living conditions there in which the wounds of civilization might be healed. Somehow while my sympathies were with him in his contentions for the reservations to the treaty and the League, I felt that there was a certain blindness in him to our duty to the world. It was as if in his support for the ultra-Americanization of this country's participation in the League of Nations, he ignored St. Paul's great dictum that we are all members of one another and felt, if



he did not utter, the sentiment of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The senator had much to say about the possibilities of this country's being a tool of alien tyranny but he said nothing whatever of the multitudinous tyrannies put upon us by our own government in the process of carrying on a war for the democratization of the planet. Not a word from our gifted senior senator for amnesty to our own political prisoners. Not a word of regret, to say nothing of denunciation, of the wild orgies of raids directed by government officials in all our big cities against humble folk gathered together in support of theories of government of which it may be said they are the natural suggestions growing out of the failures of our own theory. Still, Senator Reed was talking about the League of Nations and it is perhaps unfair to criticize him for not branching off onto other subjects. I want to say here and now that the great question with the American people is not whether the League of Nations will make the world safe for democracy but whether this government has not suffered a change of spirit and motive which makes it very doubtful if our democracy is any longer safe for our own people.



#### Mr. Hoover Looms

SINCE I last wrote, or rather dictated, for these columns—and for the dictatorial verbosity I tender my abject apologies—the Democratic National Committee has voted to send the next national Democratic convention to San Francisco. The wiseacres see in this action a veiled movement to make Mr. Herbert S. Hoover the Democratic nominee although nobody knows exactly what Mr. Hoover's politics may be. I do not think that the vote in favor of the holding of the convention at the Golden Gate needs any such recondite explanation. I rather incline to the idea that the committeemen sent the convention out to the Pacific coast on the theory that probably at about the time the convention is to be held there may be pulled off down on the Mexican border the prize fight between Carpentier and Dempsey. This may be a case of false intuition with me but the happy conjunction of events would certainly draw a large crowd to the coast next summer. It looks as if Mr. Bryan is going to cut a big swath in the next national convention, but I don't suppose that he is interested in the candidacy of Mr. Herbert Hoover and I cannot imagine him at a prize fight. He seems to be exercising no little influence in the senate in shaping sentiment among administration supporters toward an acceptance of the reservations proposed by the Republicans to the League of Nations in a modified form. But I do not see how the Democratic senators can tie themselves in a knot by agreeing to any reservations when all the signs and portents are that the White House will not accept any reservations that change the treaty in any respect. Why should there be any reservations at all if they do not change the treaty in some or many respects? Mr. Wilson now proposes that the treaty be submitted to the people. This is somewhat of a change from his original attitude that the treaty should be ratified without discussion even. Mr. Bryan does not favor throwing the treaty into the next campaign and I think he is right. The thing to do with the treaty is to have it settled now by those government instrumentalities which the constitution provides for its settlement.

Thrown into a national campaign the decision might not be made on the treaty at all, but on the personalities of some of the candidates put up by the great parties. The treaty matter has been delayed long enough and the demand of this country, and in fact of the world, is that it be finally decided as promptly as possible. So far as my judgment of the

situation goes, I believe that with the lapse of time popular support of the treaty as Mr. Wilson insists upon having it is fading away. I cannot conceive it possible that a referendum would result now or at any future time in a vindication of Mr. Wilson's position. Mr. Wilson has lost out with the people. There's too much ego in his cosmos.

## Gods of Derision

By Winona Godfrey

THE ECKLEYS had not received a real letter for years. No wonder Judith had regarded it, then, as portentous as a sign from heaven. This letter, in a shaky, not more than half legible hand, was signed by an old woman who was a mere vague shadow in Judith's mind as "Aunt Zell." "Judy," it said, "I guess you're about the only relation I got left. It's too bad I lost track of you for so many years. Someway I been thinking of you lately. I'm a lonely old woman, Judy, so I wrote back there to Tilton to Martin Trotter and inquired where you might be, and seems he inquired around and found you was last heard of in Potters-town, and so I am addressing you there in hope of maybe reaching you. . . ." It rambled on, apologetic, coaxing, whining, bullying, appealing. She was an old woman and she'd had a stroke and now she wanted one of her own kin with her. Wasn't Judith fixed so that she could come. Maybe she didn't know that her old aunt wasn't a pauper. She had been going to give her money to the church, but now if Judy could see her way clear to comin' she'd see that Judy didn't suffer for it. . . . And here was a hundred dollars to pay her way.

When Judith first read that promise, such a glow fired her veins as even to send a faint color to her faded brown cheeks, and she touched the slip of paper that meant *one hundred dollars* with as solemn wonder as if it had been the Koh-i-noor. Never in her forty years of life had she seen one hundred dollars in a lump. She had hidden it in her breast where it pricked her flesh. No use letting Ham see it. And she had not fumbled her decision; she was going. Does a dungeon-prisoner turn at the creaking of an opening door?

She was ironing now—somebody's else's clothes for the last time in Potterstown, the iron coming down with a recurrent thud as if it emphatically punctuated her determination. In the kitchen door of the little more than shack slouched Hamilton Eckley, "Ham," a corn-cob pipe in his mouth, hands in the pockets of his faded overalls, the embodiment of shiftlessness and incapacity. Still there was even yet in his sulkily aggrieved face the remnant of youthful good looks, a trace of weak good-nature.

"All right, all right," he was saying childishly, "you go traipsin' off there if you're a mind to, but you won't come back, not to me you won't."

"I'm not comin' back," said Judith evenly. She did not look at him, but her eyes were cold with the brooding hatred of a love that has clattered. She had not let him read Aunt Zell's letter, she had not told him that Aunt Zell was not a pauper, though there had been no plan in her secretiveness.

"All right," Ham sniffed. "Let's quit, let's just quit. Hangin' together ain't brought us nothin'. Why'n't you get a divorce and be done with it, huh?"

Now Judith looked at him. It was almost as if the idea visibly crystalized. "I will," she said.

His jaw dropped, but he brought his teeth together with a click to rescue his pipe. He did not believe her, but the mere statement amazed him. He yanked his hat down on his head and flung away from the house. To scare her.

Twenty years before Judith had married Hamil-

ton Eckley. She had been in love with love, in love with life, in love with him she fondly thought "her own man." She was ambitious, fired with dim visions of the glory that should be living and loving. For years she bore the blows of circumstances patiently, valiantly, always hopeful of better things, as one travels a bad road knowing there is rest and pleasure at the journey's end. She bore children and saw them die, fought poverty almost as a literal wolf, forcing herself with the sublime blindness of women to keep faith in her husband's right purpose, in his ultimate victory. And then, the slow, the bitter realization, breaking at last upon her pain and toiled-numbered mind, the knowledge that he would always be the same, that there was no hope, that her youth was gone, that there was not one single promise upon the horizon of the future. She had fallen, then, into the animal-like apathy that sustains the wretched. She had scrubbed other people's kitchens, washed their clothes, cooked their dinners, watched their children, had kept herself (and Ham) clean and fed. And on the whole, kept cheerful, as people do, indulged in no orgies of self-pity.

This letter of Aunt Zell's was, strangely, something more than a break in Judith's gray sky. It was a hint of the spring that brings recrudescence of passion, her spirit stirred, reached a wistful, quivering tendril toward the possibility of at last—not exactly happiness, but of change, of a hope that life after all was not going to wholly repudiate her wage.

On this errand she had meant to leave Ham to his own devices merely for as long as might be. *Divorce* had not occurred to her, would not have occurred to her. But when he had hatefully flung the word at her, it had suddenly appeared the inspired solution of a long unworkable problem. She paused, holding the iron suspended over a petticoat. To be free! To have her life put in her own hands again! True, she was no longer twenty years old. There was no longer the rose of youth in her dreams of what might be, but hope, that pathetic, unquenchable, divine deceiver, warmed again into embers the vividness of *herself*.

Judith got her divorce with surprising speed. Old tobacco-chewing Judge Binns' docket was slender and he had known, in this dreary village where everybody knew everybody, the Eckleys for many years. He knew some things about Ham Eckley that even Judith did not know. He discerned the relighted fires in her eyes, the dull flush in her brown cheeks, and he had said gravely: "Good luck, Judith. I hope things go better with you."

At their last meeting Ham said spitefully: "Well, I guess I'll get out of this damned burg myself. I been tied down here long enough." The insinuation faintly amused Judith.

"I would, Ham," she replied quietly.

"Guess I'll go down to Ed's in Texas." His tone was that of a threatening small boy. "I hear they're strikin' oil considerable round there." He stuck out his chest. "Let me tell you, you ain't desertin' no sinkin' ship, ex-Mrs. Eckley. Maybe you're doin' yourself out of a barrel of money. You can't tell!" He spat, with an expression of deep cunning.



"Well, goodbye, Ham." Judith turned wearily away. She knew this cheap bragging so well. She had listened to it so long. She felt no particular emotion. She was not thinking that once she had given body and soul to this man with the wild joy of a perfect faith. She was not thinking of the be-draggled years, of the pity of failure, not much even of the beckoning road upon which she was about to set her feet. She was just idly wondering if Ed, Ham's older brother, was still the same good-for-nothing. She hadn't thought of him for years—Eckley was even a sort of a spineless name come to think about it. . . .

On the train, with her unwontedly idle hands folded in her lap, her eyes watching the passing country with an almost childish interest behind an immobile face, she dared to dream of the future's compensation. She would do so gladly her duty by Aunt Zell. Afterward she would have money, leisure. She examined these two words with amazement and respect and affection. *Money. Leisure.* Her starved imagination touched somewhat indefinitely on their implications—silk dresses, artichokes, the movies, travel—seeing things, having a dollar or two to spend as you saw fit.

But her arrival in that other sleepy little town opened no straight paths, rather involved her in a labyrinth of bewilderment. She found Aunt Zell's house, was admitted with a half-suspicious indifference. Aunt Zell had suffered another "stroke." She was unconscious. No one knew that Judith had been sent for, nor obviously, more than half believed it. Instead of taking charge as she had expected, Judith was merely suffered to remain, doing the work she was told to do by Mrs. Burns, the housekeeper. She must, she told herself, simply wait for Aunt Zell to regain consciousness, to recognize her, and so fix her rightful place.

The sick woman, however, did not regain consciousness, for weeks she lay in a stupor that at last drifted on into death. Judith looked at her, a gnarled, weak-featured old woman, whose face was smoothed now into peace. Those quiet wrinkled hands had had power with a few scrawled lines to change the course of Judith's life. . . .

After the funeral, which seemed to Judith a little hurried, the taciturn housekeeper said significantly: "I'll be caretaker here until the place is disposed of. You better see Mr. Hawkins about what you'd better do."

Hawkins was the pompous little lawyer who had charge of Aunt Zell's affairs. Judith agreed. She wished more than anyone else could, she thought, to have her status finally settled. She guessed that Mrs. Burns' attitude was measured by Judith's shabby black dress, her work-worn hands, and all the other not-to-be-eradicated marks of a life of obscure poverty. Well, she would quickly change her tune when Aunt Zell's will was read.

Samuel Hawkins looked at her over his nose-glasses. "Ah, yes. Mrs. Eckley, eh? You say you are a niece of the late Mrs. Higgins?"

"Yes."

"Of course," he cleared his throat, "you are not known here. But I suppose—if it was necessary—you could prove the relationship?"

"Why—yes—I s'pose I could. If it was necessary."

"Yes? Well, it hardly seems as if it *would* be necessary." He laughed as if he had said something witty.

Judith waited.

"You see, Mrs. Higgins made a will some five years ago, leaving her estate to the Bethlehem Missionary Society, with some inconsequent bequests to minor charities. I have gone over this will carefully—I have the honor to be sole executor thereof—and I fail to find any mention made of anyone by the name of—er—Eckley."

Judith was looking at him intently. She said: "I understood you to mean she had left me nothing."

He raised his eyebrows, pursed his lips, and lifted a fat white hand. "She may have had a codicil in

mind, of course. But she never executed it. This will was made in sound mind and without influence, and indeed, has a clause that would rather do for any will-breaking attempts." He paused, eyeing the claimant shrewdly—just a poor, hard-worked looking woman, no one at all that need be reckoned with. "Mrs. Higgins' means were not so great as was generally supposed. After debts are paid I doubt if there will be ten thousand dollars —"

Ten thousand dollars!

"I don't suppose, Mrs. Eckley, that you would find it worth your while to enter upon any legal battle—ahem."

"You mean—try to break it?"

"I assure you that it would be wasted effort—and money. I drew this will myself and guaranteed Mrs. Higgins at the time that it was iron-clad." Again he laughed with amused surety.

She saw well enough that *any* effort on her part would be futile.

"I d'know," she began uncertainly. "Aunt Zell wrote me to come on here. She sent me some money, but of course, what with my fare and all, it's gone. Probably she'd be willing you should advance me a little something till I can look around some —"

Mr. Hawkins chuckled. Really this person was delicious! "My dear woman! I have no power at all to disburse any moneys without an order from the court. And I'm afraid you have no legal claim—there is none apparent to my mind."

Judith sat still a moment, her gaze directed into her lap as if she were examining the frayed seams of her black cotton gloves. Mr. Hawkins, with a smile of amused superiority, swung around, importantly to his desk and took up some typed sheets of paper, his very back proclaiming that the interview was over.

Judith got up slowly. "Well—that's all, I guess. I'm sorry —" Her hand was on the doorknob—Mr. Hawkins seemed to have forgotten his punctilious custom of opening doors for ladies.

"Well—good morning, Mr. Hawkins —"

"Ah, good morning, Mrs. Eckley."

She went out into the warm bright forenoon. Her head, somehow, did not feel very clear. But she understood all right, oh, yes, perfectly. She would get no money from Aunt Zell. All of it, money, leisure, security, had dissolved into nothingness, had never, in fact, existed beyond the reaching desire of her mind. And now she suddenly realized that in chasing this phantom promise she had dropped the poor belongings that, if not much, had been at least tangible and hers! Her clean if poor little house, her definite "jobs," the kindly neighbors of long acquaintance and—and yes, Ham! Habit claimed her there. The thought of him brought no memory of the lover of her youth, but he had been so long a part of her life. He was like a shriveled arm—not much use, but one was still more maimed without it. She had parted herself from all the associations of her maturity without regret, thinking to fill their places with a belated fulfillment of youthful yearnings. Perhaps they would not have been filled so completely, but now anyway, there was only emptiness. Well, what can you do? Go back? And if you cannot go back—you *must* go on.

Judith said nothing to the supercilious Mrs. Burns of what had happened. She asked if Mrs. Burns knew of anybody who wanted a woman to work. Which was self-explanatory, of course.

Back then to the washing and ironing and scrubbing and cooking and dish washing. She did not really mind the work so much, she was used to that. It was some time before she realized that what she missed was some one of her own—if only to do for, to think of. She came to think often of Ham—as a mother thinks of and worries about her black-sheep son. She wondered if his socks were ever darned, if he missed her special hot cakes he liked so well. The fact that she had divorced him recurred to her as a surprise, like doing a thing absent-mindedly and feeling incredulous afterward that you *did* do it.

After all, the more she thought of it, the sure, she felt that he would be helpless without her. Sooner or later he would write, begging her to come back, or some night she would answer a knock to find him grinning sheepishly in the doorway.

One hot Sunday afternoon, Judith went out to sit for a moment's rest on the back porch of the house where she was "helping out." The dinner dishes were washed and she was just pausing before putting the clothes to soak for tomorrow's "wash". The air was heavy and smelled thunder-ish. Judith's spirits never bubbled—and never went into the depths for that matter—but today she felt at peace with things. "Oh, it's going to come out all right," she thought serenely. "Ham and me, I expect, 'll finish out together yet, prob'ly. Maybe I shouldn't have chased off that way, but I was so kind of—Oh, well, maybe it was for the best."

Her glance caught a newspaper on the steps that had probably been dropped from a bundle being carried to the shed. She stooped and picked it up. Saw that it was only a few days old—she seldom looked at a newspaper.

The word Texas interested her. She read:

### "COMEDIES OF THE NEW TEXAS OIL STRIKE"

Amusing characters and situations are always brought to view by these sudden lifts to wealth of gold-digging, oil-strikes, and such-like. Two out-at-elbows brothers named Eckley are a case in point here at Gusherville. Ed owned a few acres of supposedly worthless land, when his brother "Ham" drifted into our village from somewhere in the middle west, and one evening the two sat into a little game. Ed lost and lost and finally put up his acres as the equivalent of about seven dollars! Ham won, and the next day somebody with a nose for oil offered him \$50,000 for a part interest in it! Yesterday Mr. Hamilton Eckley in a stove-pipe hat, and alighting from his new automobile, was wed with great eclat to Miss Kate Sooter, the prettiest and blondest of the waitresses at the well-known Nugget Cafe.

Ham! never a dream, never an effort in his life . . . on the turn of a card. . . .

Judith did not move for a long time. Not until a fluffy-haired, pink-cheeked seventeen-year-old opened the screen-door and called persuasively: "Oh, Judy, *would* you just press out my pink organdie? Some of the boys are coming over and I've got to curl my hair—"

"Yes, I will, honey," said Judith. She got up a little stiffly, folding the paper with methodical neatness.

Clouds were settling blackly in the West, and a rumble of thunder sounded in the distance. Judith turned her still, brown face toward it—

"Go on," she said, not defiantly, rather as one having authority. "You ain't broke me yet!"

## Pins for Wings

By Emanuel Morgan

XI.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.\*

DAINTY fat man

Dancing.

In blue gauze.

HERMAN HAGEDORN.

The silver lining

Of the Y. M. C. A.

D. H. LAWRENCE.

Lovers

Eating Thistle pie.

HARRIET MONROE.

The mother superior

Considers lingerie.

EUNICE TIETJENS.

Through a magnifying-glass

Into a mirror.

\* Reprinted from our issue of December 18, because caption was then omitted.



## Havelock Ellis' Essays

By Lockie Parker

"The Philosophy of Conflict and Other Essays in War-time," by Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

There! Draw that easy chair up to the fire and blow me some smoke rings. You have not lost the knack? So,—good! Now what was it you were so disturbed about? The ominous unrest of *all* Mars? No, not Mars, but Europe? Oh, Europe—"an interesting fragment, Europe—the jagged and half-melted edge of a great continent—but a delicately and artfully carved piece of work, as though the artist had used his finest graver and brooded with his most loving smile over the minute configuration of land and water." And they say the mingling of divers races and cultures in its population is equally intricate and pleasing, that "while each nation has a delicate individuality of its own, yet all hearts are united by tenuous fibres stretching back to the common stocks."

And there was something else you were talking rather loudly about—human civilization. It was racing to ruin, you said? Eh, well, should the smoke of our tobacco be less fragrant for that? It has happened so often, you know. "Man has again and again shattered to bits the civilization he had made, but he has always remodelled it afresh, differently, if not more beautifully—at all events, nearer to his heart's desire." Think how each new culture has sprung up on the ruins of the last and cried, "There has been no civilization yet!" Then let us dream of what the future may build on the ruins of the present.

In the above paragraphs I have attempted to give some idea of the mood in which this delightful volume of essays begins. They achieve a remoteness comparable to that of the Gods of Pegana who play with the Worlds and the Suns until Man-Yood-Sushai shall wake and rebuke them. From that distance our political conflicts and impassioned efforts at social reform look quite Lilliputian. Even that great war which we were so sure rent the universe, comes very near to Stevenson's description of an affair conducted by an insignificant handful of young men in one corner of an inconsiderable star. At any rate, it is pleasanter to watch the earth from this place than to try to get a true view while in the midst of its confusion. Seen from this distance even the humans themselves are not so entirely mad and bad. This civil war in which they lately indulged—the children of Germania, a Roman name for the Teuton's land, against the descendants of the Franks and Anglo-Saxons—both good Teutonic names—had its noble side. A civil war is, of all wars, the one most apt to be fought from ideal motives. No, we will not say that the pendulum is swinging back and humanity is returning to savagery. Let us hope "that the dance of man may after all be like that slow and sacred folk-dance of Furry Day through the main street of Hellston—two steps backward and three steps forward, so that in the end the dance is done."

Man is not perfect, but he may be tolerable. To be sure, the passion for war which he has developed and indulged so excessively during the last few millenniums of his existence is rather disgusting, but he will get over that. How soon? Oh, one really can't say—"war is so young and its fascination remains so strong and Man, though he seems so delicate, has proved so tough and so remarkably impervious to facts."

"He is the chief of the ways of God,  
And who can measure the thickness of his skull?"

All this is very refreshing and restful, and it is particularly delightful to Liberals and radicals to measure the importance of the Conservatives and their "eternal truths" in terms of universe and millenniums. But unfortunately, the blade cuts both ways and in the great sweep of infinity the pipe of the indignant, shrieking radical and the efforts of a minikin uplifter straining at the inert mass of society, become as ludicrously insignificant as the tempts of the Conservatives to make the worlds stand still. Would it not all go on happenings

without us? Of course, whatever the answer, we shall go on striving. It is the force within us,—it is *Life*, if you wish. And it is this force which is of value. The ends we think we seek may be illusions, but somehow by our effort—our constant inevitable effort—we further the changes, the unfolding plan of the inscrutable universe. Whether this works to our good, or our conception of good as individuals, as a nation, as a race, who knows? "Evolution is a fact, Progress is a feeling."

But this results in fatalism, cynicism, and inaction? Not at all. Why should we protest when the world outgrows us and our little schemes for its conduct? We are indignant that we have been wrong, been duped, not permitted to understand all, to have the final vision? What arrogance! "It is part of the splendor of life that it never has been and never can be fitted into any one man's ideal," though all may catch a glimmer and surely that is something to live and work by.

Yet while we seek to construct a reasonably sweet City of Man, with due regard to the quality of such material as society yields,—let us never imagine that the real march of Progress and the goal of Perfection can be anywhere else than within." It is becoming obvious to the reader that Havelock Ellis' philosophy is not a complete and logical system. It is rather rambling,—not that that matters. He is not concerned with constructing an architectonic system, for which the world has no need and little time just now, but with pointing out a refuge from the chaos and disillusion of the last few years, and it seems to me he has attained a degree of success here. In the first place, he somewhat restores our sense of proportion by reminding us that the near is always exaggerated in magnitude, and he further offers that old and well-tried refuge of Stoic and Christian; "The Kingdom of God is within."

Both ideas are connected with the main lines of Mr Ellis' work as a sociologist. The first is quite to be expected from a man who thinks in terms of geological eras, but the derivation of the second is more complicated and more interesting.

Mr. Ellis talks much of the race, society, and the community, but—wrongly or rightly, he thinks of them not as organic units, but as individuals who may be divided into the two main groups of the fit and the unfit. He would promote the welfare of society by encouraging the fit to produce and inducing the unfit by persuasion or force to forego or limit that function. Thus excellence would be encouraged and its energy freed, instead of the fit being continually burdened, hampered, and held back by the charge of protecting and helping the unfit, who may, from their shattered position, continue to reproduce and even increase. His ideal of the welfare of society is the production of the best individuals. Equality in mediocrity has no attractions. In other words, the individual is the end,—the highly-bred, cultured man or woman "a glorious thing to look at, a wonderful thing to talk to."

From this it is an easy step to distrust of economic reforms, social panaceas, etc., and the belief that the only salvation for any community lies in the production of a higher, more civilized type of man. That is the only, real answer to any social problem. An application of this is his essay on the drink programme of the future for England. He has no faith in prohibition or legislative restrictions as a solution for drunkenness, since it does not remove the cause. "It is only by the slow process of civilizing our lives and humanizing our manners that we can abolish the evils of drink. It may be a tedious and imperfect process. But there is no other." So he centers in the individual the responsibility, the hope of society, and his own refuge from outer chaos.

I can give no adequate idea of the range of these essays. A few titles—Eugenics—Psycho-Analysis—Luther—Mr. Conrad's World—give some idea of variety. They reveal a cosmopolitan culture that makes one feel hopelessly provincial. How many of

us can name with assurance three great writers of South America, or know much of the contemporary French beyond Maeterlinck, Anatole France, and a few others who have held recognized positions in their own country for so many years that they almost belong to the past? And, if we are ignorant that Rodó recently wrote a penetrating analysis of the spirit of civilization in the United States, do we know anything more of the past—of Casanova, of Cowley's influence on English poetry, of that "Odyssey of the English People"—Hakluyt's Voyages? If some of the names ring a bit familiarly, we feel gratified. Yet Havelock Ellis is not primarily a student of literature. His specialty is sociology, which in itself, requires a wide knowledge of several other sciences.

One wonders if America will ever have leisure to produce men of so broad a culture. Yet something more than leisure is required. Perhaps a tradition of scholarship is necessary, or, at any rate, a recognition of this ideal as not intrinsically inferior to that of commercial success—as not a mere refuge of those who lack the initiative and energy for the latter. I am not asserting that this country hold absolutely no men of culture comparable to that of this Englishman, but they are very few, and what is more deplorable, little appreciated.

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## Circumlocutions

By Horace Flack

V.—"THE TEARLESS LAND"

*"Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through  
In God's most holy sight."*

I HAVE just put down a book I may never see again. So I will tell you of it, before I forget it in beginning to remember something worse. These are times in which it is hard to avoid remembering something worse, but they are our times, and the only way we can help them is by remembering something better and making it easier—if we can—for every one else to do so.

The book I put down was "The Tearless Land." About twenty-five years ago, its editor collected what he thought the best poems, songs and hymns about heaven, and had them published with this title. I hope many have been interested enough in heaven to read it. I put it down because I am not using nearly all the good in the good books I have already, while the other sort of books which I have not yet the heart to burn, leave me little shelf room. Another reason I thought I had, may illustrate the deep duplicity of the human mind. The real reason may have been a "bad habit." There is no better habit on earth than that of patience and toleration. If they are cultivated naturally, they will carry us through on the forward way. It will be "the front way out" for us always, with no backing away from or out of anything—not even if those who have not learned toleration undertake to back us against the wall.

It is a bad habit to try to find artificial substitutes for what ought to be our good qualities, carefully cultivated. Admitting that tobacco may come nearer being an artificial substitute for patience, cultivated into toleration, than anything else known, the use I make of it illustrates the results of the worst of all human habits—that of finding "pretexts" as substitutes for reality. Please understand this before I go on about heaven, as a tearless land. And please understand that it does not apply to any use you may or may not make of tobacco or anything else. For, if the pretexts now most in use could carry us into heaven on any countersign of our own selection, we would immediately proceed to use our pretexts to fill it with fire and brimstone, and if we were permitted to remain, the smoke of our torments would go up from it forever and forever.

If, as is probably the case, I put down the book



because I expected to buy (as I have since bought) tobacco with the money I did not pay for it, I was deluded by one of my own pretexts when I supposed that I put it down because it had substituted another version of "Jerusalem, the Golden," for my favorite translation of that magnificent fighting song of the Middle Ages. My version is the heroic, heathen, Valhalla version, in which you hear "the shout of them that conquer, the song of them that feast," while "they who with their leader have triumphed in the fight, forever and forever, are clad in robes of light." Of course, nothing could be more un-Christian and barbaric than this Valhalla version, but it makes an almost irresistible appeal to my impatience, to my natural inclination to smite the enemies of heaven, who are necessarily the enemies of heaven, or they could not be my enemies. If I have smitten a few of them—say several—already, I can never hear the Valhalla version of "Jerusalem, the Golden" sung without remembering the high enjoyment of success in smiting an enemy of heaven before he had a chance to smite me first. If this were all the preparation needed for heaven, I might be perfectly prepared now. But if patience and toleration must be practiced on earth before anyone who gets into heaven will be satisfied to remain without turning it upside down, I would be better satisfied to remain on earth as long as the attraction of gravitation will hold me.

As I made my most recent investment in tobacco (and in doing so, helped to contribute to the cost of a series of massacres, extending back to the failure of the Norse Colony in Vinland, supposed to be not far from the site of the Pequot massacre by the Pilgrim Fathers), I had in the left-hand pocket of my

coat a duodecimo Prudentius, in which there is a charming description of the sort of heaven I usually need most, as it includes clear water, green trees, and flowers in grass, with moving shadows on it. There must be places of that kind at the end of the Long Road. And then something we will like better still—

*"In heaven, Love's highest name, in harmonies of flame,*

*Glow in seraphic songs of strength and praise,  
Or spreads in faint perfume from cherub thoughts,  
in bloom*

*Where flowers of peace make sweet the fragrant ways*

*Of Paradise, that quiet souls may rest  
In all the fulness of what each loves best.*

*Love is heaven's highest worth, but heaven can give  
on earth*

*No blessing higher than the strength,  
To stagger, anguished, through the way's last length,  
And fail at last, as fails the valiant soul  
Who reels towards life's bound—and drops upon the goal."*

"They that run in a race, run all," we are told. "But one receiveth the prize." If heaven is the prize, "so run that ye may obtain." I am not sure, however, that it is a "tearless land." Shakespeare doubted that when he knew far less of reasons the angels may have for weeping than I have learned in a single year of the Twentieth century. But tearless or not, it is a place of absolute peace, because it is a place of absolute patience with the slowness of good in overcoming evil on this earth and wherever else artificial pretexts are used as substitutes for celestial qualities.

schools is by no means the fulfillment of a powerful demand of unionized labor; rather is it the response to an unformulated cry for help from the employing class. The workingman, with an eye on the future, would order the schoolmaster: "You give my boy a taste of the 'higher education,' of 'culture,' or whatever you call it—enable him to enjoy life more broadly and participate in public affairs more intelligently than mere higher wages and shorter hours have enabled me to do; as for making him into a carpenter, or a blacksmith, we shall attend to that better than you can." On the other hand, employers of labor, scared out of their complacency by the worst of our national spectres, shortage of labor, dream of a perennial crop of skilled workers growing up in our schools, predigested for industrial consumption.

\* \* \*

Are these contrary demands really irreconcilable? The value of "manual" as distinguished from "vocational" training is almost universally recognized. So too is the high usefulness of "physical" training. Why could not these various considerations that lie within the scope of education, even if apart from the narrower field of "studies", be fitted into a scheme elastic enough to subserve at one and the same time the demands of society at large? Let us forge the iron of patriotism before its ardor cools down still further. A more intensive national cultivation is axiomatically needful. Let the educational machinery of the country respond, by humanizing our youth more energetically. A greater supply of man power to agriculture and the industries has been pointed out as perhaps our greatest national need. It, too, must be subserved by the educational machinery. Now nearly every form of labor, when performed with moderation, will yield to the person of sedentary employment or to the "brain worker" a pro rata of hygienic benefit equivalent to that of indoor gymnastics and athletics. And the same amount of time now spent in the laboriously and expensively conducted artificial workshops of our schools, if judiciously invested in active apprenticeship in shops, factories, mines, stores, warehouses, should be productive of approximately the same skill in the manipulation of tools, and in general practical attainment.

I do not presume to say that such a plan ought to displace the systems now in vogue. All I say is that the central idea it presents cannot be as utterly unworthy of serious consideration as the professional inattention to it might indicate to the layman. Another three, five, years of labor shortage may lift the last trace of ridicule from this specific suggestion of "universal service."

♦♦♦

## Ploughman at the Plough

By Louis Golding

HE BEHIND the straight plough stands  
Stalwart, firm shafts in firm hands.

Naught he cares for wars and naught  
For the fierce disease of thought.

Only for the winds, the sheer  
Naked impulse of the year,

Only for the soil which stares  
Clean into God's face he cares.

In the stark might of his deed  
There is more than art or creed;

In his wrist more strength is hid  
Than the monstrous Pyramid;

Stancher than stern Everest  
Be the muscles of his breast;

Not the Atlantic sweeps a flood  
Potent as the ploughman's blood.

He, his horse, his ploughshare, these  
Are the only verities.

Dawn to dusk with God he stands,  
The Earth poised on his broad hands.

## "The Jolly Old Pedagogue"

By Otto Heller

Professor of the German Language and of Modern Literature, Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

### I. THE PERIOD AND THE PEDAGOGUE

IN the universal commotion of the moment the educational mill continues to grind its everlasting humdrum. We are made to believe that great remedial changes are under way, looking to the sanitation of a world whose health has been thrown into disorder by five years of perpetual brain-storm. In reality one fails to perceive in the educational currents much reconstructive potency. In comparison with the great social and political transmutation that is in progress, the petty shifts in the general scheme of education are without any real reformatory significance. Education is temporizing with its mission, mainly for the reason that the stature of the leaders is way below a just proportion to the grandeur of the task. Education thus participates in this general misfortune; the supply of great men has not come up to the demands of a heroic age.

In the absence of the prophets, the pedagogues, or to call them by the name of their own recent adoption, "educationalists," have the floor. It is the ground floor they occupy, for no willingness is shown on their part either to go to the foundations of the structure they inhabit or to ascend to its higher outlooks. They prefer to stick to the flat level, and pride themselves on having "common ground" with the mass of the people.

\* \* \*

The universities and colleges are over-crowded. We on the inside are at a loss for the complete explanation of the phenomenon. For partial explanation several fairly plausible reasons have been adduced, but it seems remarkable to me that one thing should have gone unmentioned as a contributory cause to the remarkable increase of the colleges. I mean the fact that going to college has been simplified and made easy. The gates of *Academe* are

wide-flung and that, so it seems to me, not so much by way of welcome as of capitulation. It takes a conspicuous mental deformity nowadays for a young person to be debarred from college. The old "entrance requirements" have been first relaxed and then relinquished, one by one. The "entrance examination" is almost sweepingly abolished. Admission to the ample embrace of Alma Mater is secured no longer by any specific preparation. A four-years' course in a reputable high school is accepted as adequate evidence of a fitness to consume and absorb the higher learning; the type and combination of the studies pursued is accounted of no importance. As to what constitutes a reputable high school, the wise-acres are somewhat at sea; so, lest injustice be wrought, they extend to all suspects a generous benefit of doubt. Viewed from another angle, the situation simply amounts to this: the high schools have come to feel their position of command as "feeders", and are making the colleges eat abjectly from their hand. Even the lowered standards of the latter are subjected to endless qualifications and abatements.

\* \* \*

In vain do we look for constructive, or be it "re-constructive", leadership. In the turbulent sea on which we are sailing we have lightened our vessel of its precious ballast of ideals and principles, and navigating the flux of public opinion we fish up from its flotsam and jetsam a promptly marketable cargo. Discarding metaphor—our nations and slogans, harbored in the place of convictions and fixed aims, emanate from that same "popular" will which it is scholarship's prime purpose to "educate"—that is, to lead beyond itself. Instance the "vocational" fad, actuated by a conception, mistaken at that, of what the public wants. For vocational training in the

## Letters from the People

### Single Tax and the 48-ers

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 4, 1920.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

As some of our Single Taxers are disappointed because the Conference of Forty-eight did not put a Single Tax plank in their platform I wish to state my reasons for approving the platform as it is. I think it will cut away the barriers that hamper our progress.

If writing platforms would bring the desired result, we would have had the Single Tax long ago. The Socialists have been strictly Socialists. They have not been trimmers, yet the party has not grown. We have a vision. The man on the street shop and farm has none; the masses will never have a vision. Their chief interest is getting a living. Yet they are the deciding factor in social progress.

To organize parties and write platforms that do not get their attention would not add to the forces of progress. Whereas, a public ownership platform will array all the forces of privilege and their lackeys against a political program of public ownership. The people are ready for it and will rally against them. Yes, we know public ownership will add

to the landlord's graft, but is not this the best way the visionless could be shown? The transportation and like privileges are immediately in front of us and are the chief obstruction to public expression on all social progress. They are the chief influence that makes our press and public servants the servants of privilege.

When we consider that getting knowledge is like growing skin, in that it only grows from itself, that is, man only gets your idea through his own, it is necessary to have a platform that will reach the thought of the body of intelligent voters. To make it fit the rare social intellectual that has a vision would be leaving a gap that would fail to reach the thought of the more intelligent voters.

Our task is to find the middle ground of thought that will reach the mass for an assault on privilege. It is the same old fight. The people will rally when we make their fight our fight. There are enough Single Tax germs in the Forty-Eights' program to inoculate the minds that are active, yet it does not provide a club for the forces against us that they may frighten the small home owner in thinking we would confiscate his home and that it would be exempting the big rich from taxes, etc.

Let's be patient; the platform will array all the forces of wrong against those that seek social justice and in defense of these measures, will come a greater knowledge and a larger spirit.

E. H. BOECK.

### A Lapse by Mr. Bodenheimer

Cleveland, O., Jan. 9th, 1920.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

I should like to ask Mr. Maxwell Bodenheimer, whose article on "American Magazines" in your December 25 issue I read with interest, why after condemning the *Atlantic Monthly* to the comfortable category of journals like the *Century* and *Harper's*, he does not develop the point instead of letting the *Century* answer alone by implication for the sins of the others. I imagine he would have encountered serious difficulty had he made any direct attempt to fasten the same stigma of smug respectability on the *Atlantic* with its present editorial policy. Has he forgotten Carlton Par-

ker's scholarly, fascinating, sympathetic interpretation of the I. W. W. in the October, 1918, issue as typical of their keen aliveness to the shifting aspect of ideas and of their sincere purpose to understand and expound for their readers the vital significance of what is real and best in the thought of this transitional day?

*Atlantic* subscribers everywhere will, I believe, resent the imputation of his article, and in voicing my protest I want to say I think the *Atlantic Monthly*, for a magazine of its conservative tradition and distinguished position, has responded bravely though reservedly to the challenge of the on-rushing new era.

EDGAR J. TYLER.

### Needles for Pinions

Kenilworth, Ill., Jan. 1, 1920.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

Mother and I have been amusing ourselves playing Emanuel Morgan's game! I call them "Needles for Pinions," but



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## Undergarments of Silk and Lingerie in the January Sale of White

With many charming late arrivals added to the lovely arrays of undergarments in this interesting event fascinating leaps of sheer nainsook and batiste, silks and laces present a splendid opportunity for delightful selections at very favorable prices.

Nainsook envelope chemise, with band of embroidery and lace, built-up shoulders or straps of ribbon, showing fancy lace inserts. In this sale, **\$1.98**

Slipover night gowns of pink or white longcloth, with dainty colored design in hand embroidery. Also pink cotton crepe, shirred or white longcloth gowns, trimmed with hand design or briar stitch. Others lace trimmed, **\$1.98**

Pink cotton crepe bloomers, scalloped ruffle or plain, **\$1.25**

Satin camisoles of splendid quality, with briar stitching and self straps, **\$3.98**

Very special are the crepe de chine chemise, hand embroidered in delicate shades, lace-edged hem, self straps. **\$3.98**

Lovely satin envelope chemise, trimmed with georgette, lace and ribbon; an exceptional value at this price, **\$5.95**

Crepe de chine night gown, V neck, sleeveless style, trimmed with Calais lace and insertion, **\$8.95**

Satin bloomers, excellent quality satin, with double shirring at knee, hand briar stitched, **\$7.95**

—Third Floor

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mother prefers "The Old Lady Shows Her Meddles." These are not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

WITTER BYNNER

One of the Gemini  
Marries the Muse  
Morganically

✱

AMY LOWELL

A group of Imagistes  
Gathered in a Gossard

✱

HARRIET MONROE

The Pierian Spring  
In Glacial Drift

✱

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

A Philosopher  
Singing syllogisms

✱

EDWIN FORD PIPER

A Prairie lark  
Caught in Barbed Wire

✱

EUNICE TIETJENS

American quartz  
In a jade setting

✱

VACHEL LINDSAY

A Heavenly Hobo  
Singing for his supper

✱

ROBERT FROST

Medicine Hat  
Blows through New England

✱

ARTHUR FICKE

An Olympian limps  
Through a Pavane

✱

EDITH WYATT

A rustling in the corn

✱

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

The Police Gazette  
Played as a Fugue

✱

ANNE H. SPICER.

Wings for Pins

Chicago, January 3, 1920.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

EMANUEL MORGAN.

An epigram

With St. Vitus' dance,

Negotiates a free ride

On a roller-coaster.

VINCENT STARRETT.

✱

The West is for Wilson

Estes Park, Colo., January 5, 1920.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

Frank Putman tells well the Berger story, but he must punch or pinch himself, just as Lodge and a few others must do. Marion Reedy, the west is solid for Wilson and his peace treaty and the country is to have a rude awakening in 1920—that is, the East and Mid-west. The people out here are as far unknown to other sections of the country as though they lived in Kamchatka. There is a new West in existence—a brand new non-yellow-non-skid kind of West that is but a memory of the old gun fighting, bullying order. The men still have guts and hair on their chests, but they always are on the square about their ideas and ideals. They do not have many creeds, but they believe that if this brotherhood thing that all the progressives speak of throughout the East (Milwaukee and Paterson, N. J., included) is to be staggered after, we must throw down the bars and let the world take a crack at it. High protective tariffs and St. Louis Terminal Associations are ef-

fective in economics, but uropoietic in effective humanization.

The West is wealthy, contented, full-chested and swollen in the belief that these United States are geographically, commercially, militarily, monetarily and from all other standpoints occupying a position very much like the gentleman with a flush sequence buried in the hole card, able to stand any tilt the quarter-sawed bi-peds of other nations care to toss at them. The West has no misgivings, but is willing to do a little giving. We are not inundated with theatrics, burdened with favorite sons—submerged with newspapers, over-ridden with labor unions—nor "bouderie" because of free verse. The non-partisan league is building co-operative sugar factories, the waste lands are filling up, the wealth of the earth is being spent at home, the women are building school houses with their votes, and allowing good roads to go to the devil and on the whole we are crammed with a smug content—and cry like the old "Patch" sluggers, "bring on all ye byes."

Our besetting sins are the motion picture theatre and Harold Bell Wright's genius. Don't mistake, Mr. Reedy, what the West will do. Ask Bill White, he knows as well as anybody and his dear old effeminate Kansas is in the same pot with all these western states. If the Republican party puts that league proposition to the people they won't carry a state west of the Mississippi—Putman notwithstanding—and what is more, Chairman Hays, who was out here last week, has discovered this fact.

CLEM YORE.

✱

From the Late Pastor of the  
City Temple

The Church of the Divine Paternity,  
4 West 76th St., New York.

Dec. 31, 1919.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

After nearly four years' exile in England, I am again in America, and of course must have the MIRROR—to get my reflections right. Today I lunched with our dear friend, Edwin Markham, and we agreed that you are about the sanest radical in this land today, and manage to keep your poise while so many wild radicals are going wild.

It is a new and strange America in which I find myself, and I do not feel quite at home. What amazes me is the extent to which the war-mind, with its regimented ruthlessness, still prevails here. Making all allowance for irritation and reaction, the state of mind here is almost terrifying. It is startling enough at any time to be picked up from central London and set down in central New York, but doubly so now, when party fury approaches insanity and the solidarity won by the war seems lost. It has given way to a kind of panic, hard to know from hysteria.

Things are boiling in England, too, and more upheaval is to follow—unseating the great opportunist, who will, nevertheless, like a cat, light on his feet. Mr. Lloyd George has an uncanny divination of the main chance, but happily the reaction against Labor has not gone so far on that side as it has here. Besides the British are too wise to follow any idea until they see red; their practical genius is too highly developed.

I had a great time at the City Temple, going under the most ghastly conditions of the war, when a preacher, announcing his text, did not know whether he would live to pronounce the benediction. But we carried on. After the fighting ceased much of the old prejudice against America revived, and became very disagreeable—for there is much anti-American feeling in England—not in Scotland or Wales—as there is anti-British feeling here. Both are absurd and must be overcome. For, unless Britain and America stand together the world will go skidding to the bog.

I hope our friend Miner is doing well with his book store; I have not heard from him directly in a long time. I tried to find a copy of the Christmas MIRROR in this big town, but they were all sold out. If you have a spare one I should like to see it. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

On the steamer the other day I found this old Greek prayer in which I know you will join: "From the murmur and the subtlety of suspicion with which we vex one another, give us rest. Make a new beginning, and mingle again the kindred of the nations in the alchemy of love, and with some finer essence of forbearance and forgiveness temper our mind."

Mr. Kinsella Has the Floor

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 7, 1920.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

Attached find check for three dollars for 1920 subscription for your paper.

In sending this subscription, I am free to confess that I have hesitated about subscribing again. Candor is one of my strong points and although I do not expect a paper to please all of its readers all the time, I do feel that when a man subscribes for a paper he is in accord and gives support to the principles of that paper. There are many good features about the MIRROR; I have come to the conclusion that they overbalance the objectionable ones, and in the coming year, replete as it will be with political history, I certainly would miss the comments of your worthy self on the events of the day, but I certainly strenuously object to your sympathy extended to obstructionists, semi-Bolsheviks, Debs, Emma Goldman, Berkman and cattle of their ilk.

This Government has seen fit to round up this element and ship them out of the country and the only people who are hollering about the freedom of speech are a disorderly element that use their freedom of speech for no other purpose

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than to knock the Government who gave them a greater prosperity than they ever enjoyed in the country they came from. I notice that out of Berkman's thirty-three years of residence in this country he spent fifteen years in prison. It would have been better for the country if he had spent the other eighteen years there also, but there is no use in adding insult to injury, although I must admit that you are consistent when you throw the red flag of anarchy across the front cover of your publication.

Very truly yours,

PATRICK J. KINSELLA.

### Black Hundreds Rampant

Mt. Morris, N. Y., Jan. 5, 1920.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

The seizure, arrest and deportation of men and women guilty of no offense whatever is not merely stupid and illegal; it is one of the most damnable outrages that any country has ever been guilty of. All those connected with the instigation of these outrages, from the highest to the lowest, cannot be characterized otherwise than as scoundrels and hoodlums. And when a senator makes a statement that twenty thousand people in this state are organized for the

purpose of capturing the government he knows that he is lying.

Of all the thousands arrested there is not one man or woman who has done anything illegal, who has violated a law or committed a crime. Nobody has plotted against any government, municipal, state or federal. The plotters and the terrorists are the scoundrels who are breaking into houses, beating up people, destroying furniture, disfiguring the portraits of the world's great thinkers, indulging in wanton brutalities and gloating over the sufferings and tortures that they are causing innocent people.

Of the sincerity and high-mindedness of the communists I have no doubt; that some of them are mentally and emotionally unstable I have no doubt either. I warned them again and again. I told them that they had no idea of American psychology; that they were unfamiliar with the American background. I told them that for the emotional satisfaction of letting off some hot air they were putting ammunition into the hands of the enemy. I told them that anybody who was expecting a revolution in this country and talking of a dictatorship of the proletariat either had fever on the brain or was an *agent provocateur*.

I do not even hesitate to state my sincere conviction that our extremists are retarding the genuinely progressive and labor movement in this country. But all this does not give the slightest right to the hoodlums of the Department of Justice, to the bomb squads, to the Lusk-ers, Cossacks and Black Hundreds to trample upon the Constitution of the United States; to spit on the Declaration of Independence; to strangle free speech, free press and free assemblage and to arrest, torture and deport anybody whom the imperialistic plutocracy does not like.

And where are the old-time liberals of this country? In the face of these vicious and damnable outrages, a parallel to which can be found only in Russia under the Romanoff-Rasputin regime, will they remain silent? Only a moral coward can remain silent. Only a moral coward can remain silent today. Only a frozen-blooded jellyfish can refrain from protesting against the illegal and vicious brutalities of our official and non-official hoodlums and black hundreds.

DR. WILLIAM J. ROBINSON.

❖❖

### Armistice Day

Columbus, O., Jan. 7, 1919.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

I wonder whether your readers will find the following venture into poetry by Cunningham Graham as satisfying as I do? Here it is, anyway:

#### ARMISTICE DAY.

By R. D. C. GRAHAM.

A year ago God, taking pity, made  
And end to man's long torment;  
then, at last,  
Bloodshed and battle, by His will,  
were stayed.  
So the world's nightmare passed.

Plain stands its lesson for a child to  
draw—

"Ye perish if in selfish hate and  
greed

Ye give not place to love, which is  
My law.

If ye would live, take heed."

C. J. FINGER.

❖❖

### Tat for Tit

Chicago, January 9, 1920.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

Much as I would like to, I dare not accept your kind offer of the two bargain subscriptions. Last year I sent the MIRROR to a relative; this year he sends me the *Saturday Evening Post*!

Therefore the enclosed check covers only the renewal of my own subscription.

JAMES A. MEADE.

# The Cheney

## Queen Anne Period Model

The cabinet work of The Cheney is exquisite—the work of the finest furniture craftsman in the country. The Queen Anne model illustrated below is 49 inches high, 26 inches wide. Metal parts finished in rich gold, equipped with two reproducers for playing all records. Automatic stop; efficient, silent, electric motor.



FUNDAMENTALLY different from ordinary phonographs, The Cheney makes an addition to the home that is of ever increasing pleasure and value. For the longer you own a Cheney the sweeter its tones become, just as an old violin surpasses a new, untried one.

The very acoustic principles of the violin which gave it its purity and serenity of tone have been incorporated in The Cheney. Thus, unlike any other phonograph:

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Really to appreciate Cheney Tones you should hear them. A piano record, one of the most difficult tests of a phonograph, sounds like a piano on The Cheney. Orchestral records have not only all of the vim and zest of the music but the very color and timbre of tones that you would hear if you listened to the orchestra itself.

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She Did

Syndicate Trust Bldg., St. Louis,  
January 12, 1920.

Editor of REEDY'S MIRROR:

Did a smirking, shrinking, little, old woman with the bloom of youth liberally applied to her wrinkled cheeks, and bearing other marks in her make up of the desire to please the eye of the beholder, mince into your office today, mumble a plea for the "tubercular children," and extend a pamphlet on tuberculosis?

She came into mine and I turned her coldly away. But she slipped around me and made for the big chief, so, just to head her off, I handed her a quarter.

Whereupon she gave me, not a booklet pertaining to tubercular children, but a lot of advertising matter for a local beauty parlor, which I enclose. Charity, what crimes are committed in thy name!

ERNEST BLOSSOM.

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Marts and Money

Despite continuation, in the past few days, of the downward movement in the Wall Street market, there's growing faith that the near future will witness a resumption of *à la hausse* operations on an important scale. Selling has been mostly for professional account, that is, for parties who believed that the temporary tightness of the money market would bring heavy liquidation on the part of real owners of the better class of securities and enable them to precipitate semi-demoralization in the entire stock list. The results were decidedly disappointing. Such issues as Union Pacific common, U. S. Steel common, Bethlehem Steel "B," Baldwin Locomotive, and Reading common didn't decline more than two or three points and speedily developed strong rallying power. The upward reaction was furthered by reports of lessening of the tension and a more accommodating attitude of prominent financiers.

As I remarked on a previous occasion, the general market represents a striking parallel to that of a year ago, when the professional crowd and a great part of the speculating public were filled with pessimism as to the financial and general economic future. It's quite safe to bet that those who have been hasty in forming gloomy conclusions, and in letting go at more or less severe losses since the middle of December, will be eager purchasers at materially higher figures in less than three months.

Call money rates were not oppressively high lately, the minimum being 6 and the maximum 10 per cent. As concerns the conservative attitude of the Federal Reserve Board, and its suggestion that loans should be made only for essential purposes, there's no reason for going into hysterics after a discounting process of about three months in the values of leading securities. Nor is there any necessity for taking a tragic view of the future on account of the severe depreciation in the values of foreign bills of exchange. For this, also, has been occupying the attention of far-sighted financiers for several months, at least since last July.

The ratification of the peace protocol



The January Clearing Sale of  
SAMPLE and USED  
Player-Pianos and Pianos

In this sale we dispose of all Used Player-Pianos and Pianos. Some instruments have been taken in exchange, all of them have been thoroughly overhauled and are guaranteed to give excellent service.

It must be remembered that a Piano of quality which is rightly constructed, maintains its high standard for years and years, and the mere usage will not affect its intrinsic worth; nevertheless, there is a great depreciation in our selling price, as the partial list below shows.

Discontinued and Used Players

Meldorf - - - - -	\$415.00	Smith & Barnes - - - - -	\$275.00
Strohmbach - - - - -	465.00	Meldorf - - - - -	375.00
Gerholdt - - - - -	350.00	Emerson Angelus - - - - -	235.00
Meldorf - - - - -	395.00	Marquette - - - - -	335.00
H. & S. G. Lindemann - - - - -	335.00	Poehlman - - - - -	435.00

INCLUDED WITH EACH PLAYER-PIANO PURCHASE IS A HANDSOME PLAYER BENCH AND YOUR SELECTION OF MUSIC ROLLS.

Used Uprights

A. B. Chase - - - - -	\$160.00	Kessler - - - - -	\$200.00
R. S. Howard - - - - -	115.00	Lester - - - - -	235.00
Hardman - - - - -	125.00	New England - - - - -	125.00
Huntington - - - - -	95.00	Stetson - - - - -	145.00
Howard - - - - -	115.00	Thiebes Stierlin - - - - -	135.00
		Vose - - - - -	135.00

Sold on easy terms—payable monthly or weekly as convenient.

(Fourth Floor)

STIX, BAER & FULLER  
GRAND-LEADER

at Paris is an eminent factor in the situation. It will have reassuring, constructive influences on both sides of the Atlantic and promote mobilization of the finances of the great nations in behalf of expediting efforts to solve the intricate problems inherent in international trade and finances. To get the

nations together, to promote amity and good will, to forget the hatred and bitterness of the past five years, such should be the paramount policy not only of political, but also of financial powers. Help ye one another—this should be the great aim. Therein will be found the true and most expeditious solution

of present-day evils throughout the world.

The quotations for foreign drafts show only moderate losses, as compared with previous records. They still are above the absolute minima recently established. An interesting feature is the increasing strength of bills drawn on

Asiatic centers. A report from Shanghai informs us of an advance in Chinese taels from 149.50 to 163. Trade with the Far East is expanding at a ratio implying clear recognition by American and European merchants and manufacturers of the pressing need of widening their spheres of operations in that part of the globe.

News regarding the steel business is favorable. They foreshadow general recovery all over the country. For iron still is king. Its influences and ramifications continue to exert powerful influences, be they constructive or destructive. The monthly statement of the U. S. Steel Corporation disclosed a gain of more than 1,000,000 tons in the aggregate of unfilled orders on December 31. There's an extraordinary congestion of business in Eastern steel mills, says a dispatch from Cleveland. Some of the largest makers of finished steel are sold up as far ahead as the close of 1920. Automobile builders find it extremely difficult to secure supplies. One of the foremost concerns in Detroit is in the market for 200,000 tons of alloy steels for 1920, but is able to obtain only limited quantities. The U. S. Steel Corporation proposes to adhere to the minimum schedules promulgated by the Industrial Board. In spite of this numerous independent manufacturers are raising their prices.

President Wilson's statement that the railroad companies will be returned to private ownership on March 1 lent additional impetus to the revival in the steel trade. Owing to the inadequacy of metallic reserves throughout the world, the financial community took more than the usual interest in the preliminary report of the U. S. mint on the 1919 output of gold. This showed a decrease of \$10,157,000, when compared with the 1918 record. The sum total has \$42,500,000 below the high record set some years ago. Time was when financiers expected an annual production of \$500,000,000 for the whole world, but the best record barely reached \$468,000,000. In South Africa, the greatest producer, the monthly totals are considerably under the pre-war records.

Our output of silver in 1919 indicates a loss of 12,524,000 ounces, equal to about 18 per cent. This is a singular fact, when it is borne in mind that the demand for the white metal is greater than it has been for many years, notwithstanding an advance from 46¼ to \$1.35 per ounce fine since the autumn of 1914. Viewed in its broad aspects, the world-wide scarcity of metallic protection bids fair to lead to far-reaching changes in financial science and practices. A material modification of the single gold standard appears inevitable.

#### Finance in St. Louis.

In the local market for securities, predominant sentiment still favors the long side of the account. Banking shares show increasing strength and are more active, under the leadership of Bank of Commerce, which has advanced to 150, the highest price in several years. About two hundred and thirty shares were sold lately and brokers report that inquiry for the shares is stimulated by hopes of a higher dividend rate. Twenty Boatmen's Bank were transferred at 129 to 130. Of Hydraulic Press Brick pre-

## 150 Girls

are needed at once to become telephone operators in St. Louis. Over 400 girls have been added in the past four months to take care of the enormous increase in the number of daily calls.

**T**HESE girls will have work that is pleasant, permanent and profitable. They will be paid a good salary even while they are learning the business, and that salary will be increased as soon as the training course is completed.

They will have rest rooms, locker rooms, lunches at cost, vacations with pay, and sickness benefits.

They will enter an honored occupation for girls at a time when the opportunities it offers for rapid advancement to higher positions are the greatest in its history.

**YOU** can be one of these one hundred and fifty girls, if you are 16 years of age or over, and can pass simple entrance requirements. Make application by telephoning Lindell 12080, or preferably by applying at

### Instruction Department

3844 Olive St., St. Louis, Missouri

Southwestern Bell Telephone Company





ferred large amounts found takers at 59 to 60. The common stock sold at 10.50. Industrial issues are special favorites with the speculative element, and there's no doubt that their quotations of some of them will be raised considerably in the first few months of 1920. National Candy common is up to 174. A rise to 200 is quite probable.

#### Local Quotations.

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank	134	138
United States Bank	180	186
Lafayette-S. S. Bank		295
Nat. Bank of Commerce		150
State National Bank	185	
Mississippi Valley Trust	300	
United Railways pfd.	8	
do 4s	50	50 1/2
Certain-tyed com.	58	
do 2d pfd.	80 1/2	
Rice-Stix 1st pfd.	109	110
do 2d pfd.		104
*Indiana Refg.	9	9 1/4
do rights	37 1/2	42 1/2
Brockton Heel		36
Ely & Walker 2d pfd.	84	87
International Shoe com.	134	135 1/2
do pfd.		102 1/2
Brown Shoe pfd.	100 1/4	102
Hydraulic P. Brick com.	10	10 1/2
do pfd.	58 1/4	59
Best-Clymer pfd.	96 1/4	
Hamilton-Brown		235
Marland Refg.	6	6 1/4
National Candy com.	174 1/2	175
Century Electric	190	207
Tentor "A"	47 1/2	48 1/2
do "B"	42 1/2	44
State National Bank	180	185
Ely & Walker 1st pfd.	101 1/2	103
do 2d pfd.	84	87
Independent Brew. 1st pfd.	17 1/2	17 3/4
do 6s		51 1/2

\*Ex-rights 50c to 70c.

#### Answers to Inquiries.

LEX, St. Louis—You had better retain your U. S. Food Products certificate. The present figure of 75 cannot be considered fantastic. Net earnings are growing, and holders are justified in hoping for gratifying dividends before the close of this year. At the end of 1918 the surplus was \$7,593,000. A price of over 110 doesn't seem chimerical, though it may not be reached before July 1.

SPECULATOR, Hartford, Conn.—(1) The probability is that you will make a mistake by selling your Tobacco Products at a loss. The stock has acted surprisingly well during the downward movement, and signs favor the opinion that it has been distributed among a large number of people who bought for a long pull. (2) Chicago & Northwestern common, quoted at 86 1/2, is an attractive purchase both for investment and speculation.

READER, St. Louis—National Candy second preferred is a desirable investment. The 7 per cent dividend can be maintained indefinitely. In the last two years the stock has steadily been absorbed, and, as a consequence, price fluctuations have been narrow, that is, limited to three or four points. There's \$1,699,300 outstanding. The current price of 105 is the highest on record. Prospects for companies manufacturing sugar are unusually bright and should remain so throughout 1920.

H. C. McD., Boise, Ida.—The Baltimore & Ohio gold 4s are not overvalued, intrinsically, at 67 1/2, which is fifteen points under the maximum of 1919. They sold as high as 106 3/4 in 1905. While earnings have been rather disappointing in recent times, a change for the better will be witnessed after the industrial revival has made some headway. The bonds are secured by first mortgage and mature in July, 1948.

CONSTANT READER, Hutchinson, Kan.—Advance Rumely preferred is a speculation rather than an investment, the quarterly \$1.50 notwithstanding. The margin of safety still is somewhat precarious. There's \$12,500,000 outstanding, with dividend cumulative. The common amounts to \$13,750,000. Advise sticking to your holdings, as company's business shows satisfactory expansion and diversification.

#### Coming Shows

Margaret Anglin, the distinguished emotional actress, will appear at the American theatre for one week beginning next Monday night in a modern play entitled "The Woman of Bronze" by Henry Kistemaker and Eugene Delard. It is a three-act drama with a story that has a human appeal and is filled with tense moments. This emotional role will be quite a change of atmosphere from "Billeted", the light comedy in which she starred last year. Miss Anglin personally directed the presentation and selected the cast. It is lead by Fred Eric, who has been her leading man for a number of years.

Abe Potash and Mawruss Perlmutter, as humorous, lovable and quarrelsome as ever, are to be in St. Louis next week. This time they will be seen in "Business Before Pleas-

ure" at the Shubert-Jefferson. In the new vehicle the partners have given up their cloak and suit business to mingle with vampires, villains and bakers in their efforts to get rich in the "fillum" game. Jules Jordan will impersonate Abe, Harry First Mawruss and Miss Jane Lowe the vampire.

Again the Orpheum will have three headliners: "Not Yet Mary," a brilliant little musical comedy presented by fifteen people; a comedy called "Old Cronies" interpreted by Al Lydell and Carleton Macy; and the famous "Creole Fashion Plate," delineator of song and fashion. Other numbers are Eileen Stanley, the girl with personality; the Ja-Da Trio; Regay and Lorraine sisters in a repertoire of dances; Ergotti's Lilliputians; and Karl Emmy and his pets, including his beautiful cat.

The Columbia bill for the last half of the current week will have as headliner "Rolling Along," a most entertaining musical comedy in miniature, and the feature picture will be Elaine Hammerstein, in an excellent new Selznick picture, "Greater Than Fame." Tom Mahoney, "The Irish Chairman," is a "broth" of a boy, standing well over six feet in height and built proportionately. He is a raconteur with while, witty, quick at repartee. Grace, Wallace and Ben will provide a fine musical diversity. Walter Winchell and Rita Greene have an attractive little skit called "Puppy Love." Clemens and Gerson, a rollicking pair of French eccentrics, complete the show.

Kapt. Kidd's Kid, a farcical musical fancy, will be the leading attraction on next week's bill at the Grand Opera House. The Century Serenaders, "Those Five Musical Maniacs," are another feature of headline caliber. Other features will be Arthur Silber and Eva North, famous for their splendid impersonation of the bashful young swain and the anxious sweetheart; "A Ventriloquial Surprise" by Grace De Winters; Walter Ward and Ethel Dooley in singing, dancing, posing, bicycling and a wonderful exhibition of lariat throwing; Hand and Barnett will contribute a nifty act which they call "Variety and Contagious Smiles;" Edna Deal, singing comedienne; the Van Camps, "Barnyard Magicians;" Robert Jefferson, blackface comedian; the Animated Weekly, Current Events, Fletcher's Screen Monologue, and Sunshine and Mutt and Jeff comedies.

#### Ho Tong

She was very important and very stout. Her jewelry was very plentiful, and, although it was a hot day, she wore her newest sables. She was choosing the most ornate tea and dinner services the big London store had to offer, for she had made up her mind to figure as a society hostess. Therefore she was ordering everything by the dozen—plates, dishes, spoons, forks and so forth—and suddenly she caught sight of a pair of sugar tongs. "What are those things?" she asked. "Sugar tongs, madam." "Then send me four dozen of those."

#### Scot Caution

A man from the north of Scotland, visiting Glasgow, was "boned" by a Salvation Army lass, and he gave her a sixpence. Turning into another street, he was again asked for a contribution. "Na, na," he said. "I gied a saxpence tae ane o' your folk 'roon the corner jst noo." "That was very good of you," said the girl. "But then you can't do a good thing too often. And besides, you know the Lord will repay you a hundredfold." "Aweel," said the cautious Scot, "I'll just wait till the first transaction's feenished before we start the second."

"Anyhow," remarked the blunt friend, "this boat of yours will never get you arrested for speeding." "No," answered Chuggins, "but I'll get arrested just the same, only it'll be for standing still in the wrong place."—Washington Star.

"You are charged with permitting your horse to stand unattended for over an hour," said the magistrate. "Well, I defy anybody to teach the brute to sit down," protested the prisoner, before being dragged away.—Houston Post.

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OR  
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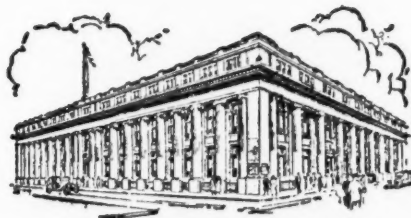
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**AMERICAN** Week Beginning Monday Night  
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday **JAN. 19**  
**HOWARD HULL PRESENTS**  
**MARGARET ANGLIN**  
 IN HER NEW PLAY  
**"THE WOMAN OF BRONZE"**  
*This Week: "LA LA LUCILLE"*

**SHUBERT-JEFFERSON** **SAINT LOUIS'**  
**Leading Playhouse**  
 WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 19. SEATS NOW  
 A. H. Woods Presents the Tremendously Laughable  
**BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE**  
**POTASH and PERLMUTTER in the "FILLUM" BUSINESS**  
 Nights and Sat. Mat., 50c to \$2. Pop. Mat. Wed., 50c to \$1.50. Seats also at Conroy's

**Orpheum**  
THE BEST IN VAUDEVILLE  
**2:15 TWICE DAILY 8:15**  
 "Sweeties"—BURT & ROSEDALE  
 TED DONER GASCOIGNES  
 And our prices for Saturday same as  
 any other night—25, 30, 50, 75, \$1.00  
 Mats. (except Saturday and Sunday)  
 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.  
 STELLA MAY, assisted by Billie Taylor  
 George Kelly Julius Tannen  
 A. ROBBINS & PARTNER

**Gayety Theatre** **TWO SHOWS DAILY**  
**THIS WEEK** 14th and Locust  
**DAVE MARION** and His Own Show  
 "HIMSELF" Next Week—LIBERTY GIRLS

**The New Columbia** **THEATRE BEAUTIFUL**  
 11 a. m.—Close—11 p. m.  
 PRICES, 15c and 25c  
**VODVIL AND PICTURES**  
 Five Big Acts Latest Features

**STANDARD THEATRE** **SEVENTH and WALNUT**  
 TWO SHOWS DAILY—2:15 AND 8:15  
**SOCIAL FOLLIES** Next Week:  
 EDMOND HAYES

A DEPENDABLE INSTITUTION  
**GRAND** Opera House **15-30c**  
 Sixth & Market  
**Nine Acts** of Good Vaudeville  
 and Pictures  
*Show Near Steps—11 A. M. to 11 P. M. Daily*

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 With Mignon, the Tropical Beach Dancer  
**THALER'S CIRCUS**  
 Dogs, Ponies, Monkeys  
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